

Production No. 7F19

The Simpsons

"LISA'S SUBSTITUTE"

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REVISED TABLE DRAFT

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FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"LISA'S SUBSTITUTE"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
JANEY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
WENDELL.....JO ANN HARRIS
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
MR. BERGSTROM.....HARRY SHEARER
CHUCK.....JO ANN HARRIS
TERRI/SHERRI.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MAN IN BOOTH.....HARRY SHEARER
FREDDY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
KID REPORTER.....JO ANN HARRIS
ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
CONDUCTOR.....DAN CASTELLANETA
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

PAGE 2.

PATRICK.....JO ANN HARRIS

PORTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

LANDLADY.....MAGGIE ROSWELL

FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - MORNING

gossiping and shooting spitballs. Lisa reads.

JANEY

Did you hear about Miss Hoover? She
drank a bottle of Clorox by mistake.

CHUCK

I heard she fell down a well.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER enters with Miss Hoover, who is SOBBING.

LISA

My god, she's been dumped again.

MISS HOOVER

Children, I won't be staying long. My
very being here is an act of bravery. I
just came from the doctor and I have
Lyme disease. Principal Skinner will
run the class until a substitute
arrives.

RALPH

(RAISING HAND) What's Lyme disease?

itself to you and begins sucking your blood, malignant spirochetes infest your bloodstream, eventually spreading to your spinal fluid, and on into the brain.

MISS HOOVER

The brain? Dear God!

Miss Hoover shudders. The kids AD LIB "Cool", "Wicked", "Tough", etc.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Well, boys and girls, if you learn

nothing else from second grade, learn this: (SHAKY VOICE) no matter how cute they are, never kiss a wild deer.

SKINNER leads her to the door.

SKINNER

Come, come, Elizabeth... it's the spirochetes talking.

He closes the door behind her.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(TOO FRIENDLY) Well now, children, here we are! Open your primers to page 32. Ah, subtraction. I see in this first poser, the minuend is seven and the subtrahend is four. Anyone care to hazard a guess as to the remainder?

The kids look at him blankly. We hear muffled SCREAMS from an upstairs room. Skinner looks at the ceiling.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) Bart Simpson... I know it's you.

The camera PANS UP and MOVES IN through the floor to:

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

BART stands in front of the room next to a television monitor, showing a video presentation we cannot see. A piece of poster board next to him reads "How Kittens Are Born: The Ugly Truth." The room is filled with SCREAMS and MOANS.

BART

(MATTER OF FACT) And here comes Snowball II. This is the one we kept.

KIDS

Ewwwwww!

BART

We were going to keep the gray one, but the mother ate her.

KIDS

(LOUDER) Ewwwwww!

BART

(PICKING UP REMOTE CONTROL) Look, this is cool. When I hit reverse, I can make them go back in.

KIDS

(SCREAM)

MARTIN PRINCE stands up.

MARTIN

For the love of God, Bart! Mrs. Krabappel, he's traumatizing the children, and I must admit I feel a little queasy myself!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

As usual, I agree with you, Martin. Bart, shut that off and take your seat immediately.

Bart turns off the set.

BART

What's my grade?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

"D."

BART

Dyn-o-mite!

EXT. ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Lisa watches as Bart plays dodgeball.

BART

Hey, Lis!

Bart walks over to Lisa. A dodgeball hits him **SMACK** in the head, slamming it against a brick wall. Bart ignores it.

BART (CONT'D)

I heard your teacher was killed by a
maniac with a hook for a hand.

LISA

Who told you that?

BART

Milhouse. Well, I added the hook part.

LISA

The kernel of truth in your bucket of
hot buttered nonsense is that Miss
Hoover is ill.

BART

So you're getting a substitute?

LISA

I'm afraid so.

BART

Oh, you luck out!

LISA

Bart, I'm here to learn. At least Miss
Hoover made a sincere effort to teach
and didn't mind my reading ahead a few
chapters.

BART

Don't be such a butt-aholic, Lisa. One day you're going to be old and on your death bed, and you'll wish you'd wasted more time.

Another dodgeball hits Bart in the head, slamming his head into the wall.

BART (CONT'D)

Didn't hurt.

LISA

I'm hardly surprised.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASS - AFTERNOON

Principal Skinner is teaching phonics. He has drawn a giant upside-down "e" on the blackboard.

SKINNER

No, children, you're not seeing things.

This, my friends, is a schwa.

CLOSE UP - PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS

They are walking down the hallway of the school. The MUSIC is reminiscent of "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

BACK TO SCENE

The door BURSTS open and MR. BERGSTROM, a short dumpy man, wearing a cowboy outfit with a guitar on his back, steps in and FIRES his cap pistols in the air. Skinner whirls around.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Are you the substitute?

BERGSTROM

Yes, sir. Yes I am.

SKINNER

Are you insane?

BERGSTROM

No, sir. No, I'm not.

SKINNER

Well, all right. (TO KIDS, TOO
FRIENDLY) Play friendly with your new
teacher, children!

Skinner exits. Mr. Bergstrom addresses the class.

BERGSTROM

(TEXAS ACCENT) Well howdy there,
pardners. I'm a Texas cowboy, and the
year is 1830. Now you young'uns ask me
any questions you like.

CHUCK

(RAISING HAND) Can we play kickball
instead of science after lunch?

BERGSTROM

Kickball? Us cowboys ain't never heard
of no kickball, this being 1830 and
all. Any other questions?

The class is silent.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Shoot! You're quieter than a Navajo at
a square dance. Well how 'bout this:
there's three things wrong with my
costume. Anyone names them gets my hat.

LISA

(RAISING HAND) One: Your belt buckle says "State of Texas", but Texas wasn't a state until 1845. Two: the revolver wasn't invented until 1835. Three: (THINKS) You seem to be of the Jewish faith. There weren't any Jewish cowboys.

BERGSTROM

(CHUCKLES) Well, I'm also wearing a digital watch, but I'll accept that. Here you go, little lady.

He tosses his hat on Lisa's head, then writes "Mr. Bergstrom" on the blackboard.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

I'm Mister Bergstrom. Feel free to make fun of my name if you want. Two suggestions are Mister Nerdstrom and Mister Boogerstrom.

The kids LAUGH.

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASS - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Krabappel stands in front.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Boys and girls, today you will be choosing a class president.

ON BART

He is staring into space, chewing on a pen. The pen starts to spill ink into his mouth and down his chin. Bart doesn't notice at first, then sees ink on his hand. He puts the pen in his pocket, wipes one hand off on his shirt and wipes his mouth with the formerly clean hand.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (V.O.)

I'm not allowed to vote, but I strongly
suggest you elect Martin.

ON MRS. KRABAPPEL

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Oh, Bart!

ON BART

He has ink handprints on his shirt, desk and face. He smiles sheepishly; his teeth and tongue are blue. There is a growing stain in his pocket.

BART

Sorry.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Take care of that in the washroom.

The class LAUGHS as Bart walks out, embarrassed.

MARTIN

(OVER LAUGHTER) Mrs. Krabappel, you
might say he's ink-corrigible!

The laughter instantly stops and the kids glare at Martin,
AD LIBBING "Geek," "Dweeb", etc.

BART

Touche, dude.

Bart pats Martin on the back with his ink-stained hand.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The kids are eating. Mr. Bergstrom takes his guitar off his back.

BERGSTROM

If you're through with your pemmican,
why don't we sing a song about cowboys?
This one's not very accurate, but we
can fix it up as we go along.

He STRUMS his guitar.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

(SINGING) Home, home on the range.

(SPEAKING QUICKLY) Actually, the range
was far from home, a desolate place
where danger and disease rode tall in
the saddle. (SINGING) Where the deer
and the antelope play. (SPEAKING)
Unlike the efficient Indians, cowboys
used only the tongue of the antelope
and threw the rest away.

ON LISA

A classmate hands her a cruel caricature of Bergstrom
titled "The Singing Dork".

BACK TO SCENE

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

(SINGING) Where seldom is heard a
discouraging word, and the skies are
not cloudy all day. (SPEAKING) True but
misleading. A few clouds would have
been welcome. More than one cowboy
lost his mind staring at the sun.

He notices the picture Lisa is holding.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Hey, what's this? Did you do it?

LISA

(NERVOUS) No! It wasn't me! It was
just one of those immature people who,
instead of building themselves up --

BERGSTROM

Well, it's neat. Can I have it? (TO
CLASS) Ladies and gentlemen, the
Singing Dork!

ON LISA

A classmate hands her a caricature of herself titled "The
Singing Dorkette".

BERGSTROM (CONT'D V.O.)

(SINGING) Oh give me a home...

(SPEAKING) It mostly repeats now.

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart re-enters from the washroom as Martin accepts his
nomination.

MARTIN

As your president, I would demand a science fiction library featuring an A-B-C of the Overlords of the genre: Asimov, Bova, Clarke...

WENDELL

(RAISING HAND) What about Ray Bradbury?

MARTIN

(DISMISSING) I'm aware of his work. (TO CLASS) And finally, if elected, I will appoint a monitor, preferably a burly student from the upper grades, to prevent the taking of cuts in the lunch line. I thank you.

Martin sits down. Only Wendell and Mrs. Krabappel APPLAUD.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Excellent, Martin. Other nominations?

The class is silent. Terri and Sherri stand up.

TERRI/SHERRI

We nominate Bart Simpson!

The class LAUGHS, then CHEER and do an Arsenio CHANT. Bart stands and acknowledges the cheers. Martin and Wendell look concerned.

TERRI

Speech! Speech!

BART

I had a speech ready... but my dog ate it!

KIDS

Hooray!

NELSON

Show us your F's!

Bart reaches into his desk, pulls out a paper with a large red F, and holds it up high for all to see.

KIDS

We heart Bart! We heart Bart!

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Children! (FRIENDLY) Bart, I need someone very reliable to deliver an important message to the principal's office.

She writes "Please keep Bart busy for a few minutes" on a piece of paper, folds it up and hands it to Bart.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Would you do it for me?

BART

(PLAYING TO CROWD) Why, Mrs. Krabappel! How would I know where the principal's office is?

He gets his big cheap LAUGH. Waving, Bart exits to APPLAUSE.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

People, what have I told you about encouraging him? I want you to think long and hard about this. When Bart wins approval for making a fool of himself, it makes him think that --

MILHOUSE

(POINTING TO DOOR) Yay, Bart!

ON DOOR

Bart is pressing his face against the door glass and blowing out his breath, creating grotesque faces. The kids CHEER and yell "Bart! Bart! Bart! Bart!" Reprise the Arsenio chant.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The desks are now arranged in a circle. Mr. Bergstrom sits cross-legged on a piano stool in the middle, wearing a ragged corduroy jacket with patches on the sleeves that he wears for the rest of the show. He is reading "Charlotte's Web" to the class. On the blackboard is written, "Charlotte's Web, by E.B. White." Drawn beside this is a spider's web. A couple of tears trickle down Bergstrom's cheeks. His voice is steady, but he must pause occasionally to keep it that way.

BERGSTROM

(READING) Nobody, of the hundreds of people that had visited the fair, knew that a grey spider had played the most important part of all. No one was with her when she died.

We PAN AROUND the circle of desks and see the children misty-eyed. Lisa sits SOBBING and enraptured.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Mr. Bergstrom stands in the middle of the circle.

BERGSTROM

Come on, Janey, everybody has a talent.
I want to see yours.

JANEY

I don't have a talent.

BERGSTROM

Come on, there must be something you
can do better than anybody else.

JANEY

Well, I can do this --

Janey touches her nose with her tongue.

BERGSTROM

Great! How about you, Ralph?

Ralph pulls his cheeks back and forth to make SQUISHY
sounds.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Wonderful! Chuck?

Chuck turns his eyelids inside out.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Disgusting. I love it! Lisa... Lisa
Simpson... You're holding out on us. I
see a saxophone case over there!

LISA

Mister Largo told me in music class
that teachers have better things to do
than listen to an eight-year-old's
original composition.

BERGSTROM

Come on Lisa. I bet you're good.

LISA

I can't.

Lisa winces with pain and embarrassment.

BERGSTROM

All right. But remember, you owe me something special.

PATRICK

(STANDING) Hey Mister Bergstrom!

PATRICK RAPS the top of his head with his fists to play the "Bonanza" theme.

BERGSTROM

Wow, that song takes me back.

INT. ELEMENTARY - STAIRCASE - AFTERNOON

Lisa is going down the crowded staircase to the waiting buses when she stops, turns around and goes back.

INT. ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa returns to the doorway of her classroom and peeks in. She sees Mrs. Krabappel talking with Mr. Bergstrom.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

So while I'm technically still married, there really hasn't been any marriage to speak of since Mister Krabappel moved into his little "love nest."

(BITTER CHUCKLE) She worked as a lifeguard near our summer home.

BERGSTROM

This profession can put a lot of strain on a marriage.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(ENTICINGLY) Since he's been gone, I've been looking for a substitute to teach me a lesson I sorely need.

Mrs. Krabappel sits on the desk. Her leg covers the top of the screen as we see Mr. Bergstrom.

BERGSTROM

(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Mrs. Krabappel,
you're trying to seduce me.

They share an awkward LAUGH. Outside, Lisa looks miserable as she awaits the inevitable heartbreak, but...

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Krabappel, you're very
nice, but it's the children I love.

Lisa clasps her hands to her heart and SIGHS.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Mr. Bergstrom is alone grading papers when he hears
SAXOPHONE MUSIC from outside. He goes to the window.

ON PLAYGROUND

Lisa stands at home plate on the kickball diamond, playing
her saxophone below Mr. Bergstrom's window.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Lisa and Marge stand by the dryer. Lisa is helping to fold clothes.

LISA

(DREAMILY) When I fall asleep, Mr.
Bergstrom is the last thing I think of,
and he's my first thought when I wake
up.

MARGE

I feel that way about your father.

LISA

No, no. You don't understand.

(DREAMILY) When Mr. Bergstrom smiles,
you only see these teeth --

Lisa smiles and points to her front four teeth.

LISA (CONT'D)

-- but when you really make him laugh,
you can see these two. I think they're
called the eye teeth.

Lisa smiles more broadly showing her two eye teeth.

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't know if he had orthodontic work
or what, but they're absolutely
perfect.

MARGE

I notice little things about your
father, too.

LISA

No, Mom. This is different. This man
makes you feel like there's nobody
better.

They finish folding the clothes and start up the basement
stairs.

MARGE

(FIRMLY) Your father does that to me.

LISA

Mom, are we gonna talk, or are we gonna
talk?

MARGE

(MEASURED ANGER) Lisa, we can talk,
but first you have to accept that I
feel the same way about your father!

LISA

Fine.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Bart and Homer sit at the table shovelling cereal into
their mouths. Marge and Lisa enter.

LISA

(TO MARGE) Yesterday, he read us
"Charlotte's Web", and cried at the
end, never trying to hide his tears.

Homer and Bart burst out LAUGHING. Lots of milk and cereal
come out their noses.

HOMER

A book made him cry! Boo hoo hoo!

BART

(RUBBING EYES) Waaaaaaaah!

HOMER

(POINTS TO BACK OF CEREAL BOX) Oh no,
look, Bart! Krusty's trapped in the
maze! Waaa haa haaa!

BART

Waaaaah!

They LAUGH again. Marge and Lisa share a disgusted glance.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The children leave for lunch.

BERGSTROM

Remember, nobody gets back in after
lunch without one igneous rock and one
sedimentary.

The children exit. Lisa lags behind, her back to Mr.
Bergstrom.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Lisa, can you stay for a minute?

Lisa clenches her fist in a victory salute.

LISA

(LOW) Yes! (LOUDER) Yes, Mr.
Bergstrom?

BERGSTROM

Your homework is always so neat. Does
your father help you with it?

LISA

Homework's not my father's specialty.

BERGSTROM

Dads know lots of neat things. My Dad
could really --

LISA

Not mine.

BERGSTROM

You didn't let me finish.

LISA

Unless the next word was burp, you
didn't have to.

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Martin stand in front of the class debating. On
the blackboard behind them it says, "Meet The Candidates."

MARTIN

In a sample taken in this very
classroom, a state inspector found 1.74
parts per million of asbestos --

BART

That's not enough! We demand more
asbestos!

KIDS

More asbestos! More asbestos!

An issue of the class newspaper, the "Daily Fourth
Gradian," spins to the foreground with the headline, "Bart
To Martin: Eat My Shorts." A sub-headline reads, "Simpson
Wins Debate", next to a photo of Bart making a point during
the debate.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer and Bart in the living room. Homer is holding a copy of the "Daily Fourth Gradian". The back side of the paper is blank.

HOMER

Wow! You made the front page.

BART

(DISMISSING) Aw, Dad. It's just a popularity contest.

HOMER

Just a popularity contest?! What's more important than popularity? Do you really think you can win?

BART

Well, I don't believe in polls, but they say I'm a mortal lock.

HOMER

Woo woo! I always knew you had personality. The doctors said it was hyperactivity, but I knew better.

(SAVORING) President Simpson. Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it, boy?

BART

(WARMING TO IT) Yeah.

HOMER

Now, go get 'em.

BART

Okay.

HOMER

I said, go get 'em!

Bart charges out of the room, GROWLING. After a beat he sticks his head back in.

BART

Where am I going?

HOMER

To the top!

Bart re-exits, GROWLING.

MONTAGE

of campaign scenes.

A. Bart and Martin stand before the class in another debate.

BART

He says, there aren't any easy answers!

I say, he's not looking hard enough!

KIDS

We want easy answers! We want easy
answers!

Martin now looks nervous, sweaty and shifty-eyed, with a hint of a Nixonian five o'clock shadow.

B. In a hallway, Martin tacks up a poster reading, "A VOTE FOR BART IS A VOTE FOR ANARCHY." Down the hall Bart tacks up a poster reading "A VOTE FOR BART IS A VOTE FOR ANARCHY."

C. Bart stands on a chair in the cafeteria.

BART

You can't spell trouble without
B-A-R-T!

MARTIN

T-r-o-u... (FRUSTRATED, LEAPING UP)
Wait a minute! Of course you can!

KIDS

(TO MARTIN) Boo! Shut up!

They pelt Martin with food.

D. Homer and Bart are making a campaign poster together. It reads, "SEX! Now that I've got your attention, vote for Bart". Homer CHUCKLES as he works on it.

E. On the school playground, as Bart exits from the cafeteria door, a waiting crowd erupts in CHEERS. Bart acknowledges the applause as Milhouse, Richard and Lewis clear a path for him. A kid hands him the Martin poster, which shows Martin with his sleeves rolled up and his jacket slung over his shoulder, listening attentively to his constituent, Wendell, over a campaign poster with the slogan "Martin Prince. Yes, Martin Prince." Bart wipes the seat of his pants with it, rips it up and tosses the pieces into the air. The crowd goes wild.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and Mr. Bergstrom watch Bart from the window.

LISA

You'll never go broke appealing to the
lowest common denominator.

BERGSTROM

(POINTS TO BART) You're going to miss
that stuff.

LISA

No way.

BERGSTROM

It's true. You think you don't fit in here. Well, that's just the point! It's a big world and you're going places the rest of us have only heard about.

LISA

A place where my intelligence will be an asset, not a liability?

BERGSTROM

Uh huh. You'll be backstage at Lincoln Center, or in your chambers at the Supreme Court, or leading your division into battle, and you'll find that you miss all the silly things your brother does. You know, just yesterday, I caught myself singing the song my brother used to drive me crazy with.
(SINGS) I'm Popeye the sailor man/ I live in the frying pan...

BERGSTROM/LISA

I turned on the gas and burned off my ass/ I'm Popeye the sailor man.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Bart is standing with a group of supporters. They are singing the same song, but with new lyrics.

BART/KIDS

(SINGING) "Bart Simpson for President /
Bart Simpson for President / He turned
on the gas and burned off his ass /
Bart Simpson for President."

The kids all CHEER.

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Ralph stands at his desk, reading from a big construction paper card.

RALPH

(READING) "Dear Miss Hoover: You have
Lyme disease. We miss you. Kevin's
biting me. Come back soon. Here is a
drawing of a spirochete. Love, Ralph."

He holds up a colorful drawing of a smiling spirochete.

BERGSTROM

Great, Ralph. Lisa?

Ralph sits and Lisa stands.

LISA

(READING) "Dear Miss Hoover: Although
we would love to have you back soon,
you don't want to rush these things.
With the dizziness and fainting spells
that accompany Lyme disease, you would
be doing yourself and us a grave
disservice." (TO CLASS) I underlined
the word "grave." (READING) "A word
to the wise. Lisa Simpson."

BERGSTROM

Well, that's a fresh spin on "get well soon."

The bell RINGS. The students start to leave.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Hey, kids. I've learned that in two weeks the Springfield Museum of Natural History will be closing forever due to lack of interest. I urge you to see it while you can.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Bart sits at the table, drinking a soda. Homer is hunting through the freezer. He finds a carton of vanilla-chocolate-and-strawberry ice cream.

HOMER

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

He opens the carton. The vanilla and strawberry sections are untouched; the chocolate is all gone.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

He finds another carton of vanilla-chocolate-and-strawberry ice cream.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

He opens it. Same deal.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Marge enters.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge, we need some more vanilla-
chocolate-and-strawberry ice cream.

MARGE

I'll get some at the store tomorrow,
Homer.

HOMER

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

MARGE

Lisa needs to go to the museum
tomorrow, and I think you should take
her.

HOMER

The Museum! Why, Marge, I'd love to
but I was thinking of...

We hear Homer's voice inside his head as he runs through
possible answers.

HOMER (V.O., CONT'D)

... sleeping... eating a big
sandwich... watching T.V... eating a
whole bag of potato chips...

HOMER (CONT'D)

... uh... uh... spending time with the
boy.

BART

That's pretty lame, Homer.

HOMER

Shut up, boy.

MARGE

Homer, I've been talking to Lisa and I'm concerned about your relationship with her.

BART

(MOCK CONCERN) Me, too, Mom. I think they're drifting apart. I only pray your museum idea works.

HOMER

Shut up, boy.

MARGE

Homer, please.

HOMER

Marge, you don't understand. I can't do it because...

We go back inside Homer's head to hear his thought process.

HOMER (V.O., CONT'D)

... you're trapped. There's no way out. If you were smarter, you might think of something, but you're not so you just might as well...

HOMER (CONT'D)

... All right! All right! I'll take her.

INT. MUSEUM - ADMISSION AREA - DAY

Lisa and Homer are at the counter. Homer takes a map from a MAN IN BOOTH and points to the "Suggested Donation -- \$4.50" sign.

HOMER

What do you mean, "Suggested Donation"?

MAN IN BOOTH

Pay any amount you wish, sir.

HOMER

And what if I "wish" to pay zero?

MAN IN BOOTH

It's up to you.

HOMER

So it's up to me, is it? (CHORTLES) And you think that people are gonna pay you four dollars and fifty cents, even though they don't have to, just out of the goodness of... (SCORNFUL LAUGH) Well, anything you say! Good luck, buddy! You're gonna need it!

Paying nothing, Homer waves to the man as starts to go inside. Mr. Bergstrom enters.

LISA

(DELIGHTED) Mr. Bergstrom!

BERGSTROM

Hi, Lisa.

He starts to put money in the bin. Homer yells back to him.

HOMER

Hey! You don't have to pay! Read the
sign!

Mr. Bergstrom puts in money anyway and then points to
Homer.

BERGSTROM

(TO LISA) And this must be your
father.

Lisa SIGHS.

DINOSAUR ROOM

The huge room is full of dinosaur skeletons. Mr. Bergstrom
shows one to Lisa and Homer. Lisa is holding Homer's hand.

BERGSTROM

His teeth had jagged edges to rip
through your body, but he could've
swallowed you whole! Some people think
dinosaurs ate rocks, to help mash up
the dead animals in their stomachs.

LISA

Wow!

INT. MUSEUM - EGYPTIAN ROOM

Mr. Bergstrom, Homer and Lisa are in the Egyptian Room
looking at a mummy in a display case. Lisa is holding
hands with Homer and Bergstrom.

BERGSTROM

Actually, Mr. Simpson, they do know a great deal about the process of mummification. First, they pulled the brain out through the nose with an iron hook, and stuffed the insides with sawdust and onions!

LISA

Ewww. Gross.

HOMER

Pretty creepy. Still, I'd rather have him chasing me instead of the Wolf Man.

Lisa rolls her eyes. They walk to another display case.

BERGSTROM

This might interest you, Mr. Simpson. A 500-year-old bowling ball from Germany.

HOMER

(READING CARD IN CASE) Holy moly! I didn't know they bowled.

BERGSTROM

Yes, but only with nine pins. In the 1800's, gambling on "nine pins" was outlawed, so bowlers simply added a tenth pin and changed the name of the game.

HOMER

Good luck trying to outsmart a bowler.

BERGSTROM

Why don't we take a look at the
Childrarium?

Bergstrom and Lisa start to walk off. Homer notices sadly that they are holding hands.

INT. MUSEUM - SANDWICH SHOP

In the nearby hands-on science area, the Childrarium, Lisa guides a bolt of static electricity around with her hand, her hair standing on end. Mr. Bergstrom and Homer are eating.

BERGSTROM

Mr. Simpson, I'm impressed. You're the
only parent in my class who cared
enough to take his child to the museum.

HOMER

Well, I can't take all the credit. My
wife forced me.

BERGSTROM

Mr. Simpson... Maybe I'm being
presumptuous, but I've noticed that
Lisa seems to feel she has no strong
male role model.

Homer continues shovelling food in his mouth. At the sound of her name, Lisa turns to watch them, unseen by Homer and Mr. Bergstrom.

HOMER

She said that?

BERGSTROM

No, she didn't say it, but --

HOMER

(SHAKY) But you can tell, right? She looks around, sees everybody else's dad with a good education, youthful looks and a clean credit record and thinks, "Why me? What did I do to deserve this fat old piece of -- "

BERGSTROM

Mr. Simpson, this is just what I mean.

HOMER

I haven't had a raise in five years!

(STARTS WEEPING)

Lisa looks disgusted.

BERGSTROM

You've got to be a bigger man. There's a wonderful girl's future at stake.

HOMER

(SNAPPING OUT OF IT) Well, if she's so wonderful, give her an A.

BERGSTROM

I am giving her an A.

HOMER

Great. But don't tell her it was a favor to me. Tell her she earned it.

BERGSTROM

She did earn it.

HOMER

You are smooth. I'll give you that.

They get up from the table and dump their trays. Homer goes to the static electricity globe and puts his hands on it. His two hairs stand on end.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRCASE - MORNING

Lisa and Marge walk upstairs.

LISA

It was humiliating, Mom. All Dad had to do was listen to someone else. Instead, he was aggressively being himself.

MARGE

Did he break anything priceless?

LISA

No.

MARGE

Well, then it sounds like you're being awfully hard on him.

LISA

But, Mom. He ruined my one chance of getting to know Mr. Bergstrom without the burden of our classroom roles.

MARGE

Well... I'll tell you what. Why don't we invite him to dinner?

LISA

Oh, Mom, that's wonderful. Maybe he'll
take pity on us and save us all.

Marge SIGHS as Lisa rushes from the room.

INT. ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY

Lisa happily rushes down the hall to tell Mr. Bergstrom her news.

LISA

(REHEARSING) Mr. Bergstrom, we request
the pleasure of your company... no...
Mr. Bergstrom, if you're not doing
anything this Friday... no... Mr.
Bergstrom, do you like pork chops...
no...

She enters the doorway of her classroom and stops short and GASPS.

MISS HOOVER

Good morning, Lisa.

Miss Hoover sits at the desk. There is no sign of Mr. Bergstrom. Lisa is stunned.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

(OFF LISA'S REACTION) I'm back.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY - LISA'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MISS HOOVER

You see, class, my Lyme disease turned
out to be...

Miss Hoover writes "Psychosomatic" on the board.

MISS HOOVER (CONT'D)

Psy-cho-so-ma-tic.

RALPH

Does that mean you were crazy?

JANEY

No, that means she was faking it.

MISS HOOVER

Actually, it was a little of both.
Sometimes when a disease is in all the
magazines and all the news shows, it's
only natural that you think you have
it. Remember my bout last fall with
Epstein Barr virus?

Miss Hoover writes "Epstein Barr" on the board.

LISA

(NEAR TEARS) Where's Mr. Bergstrom?

MISS HOOVER

I don't know. Although I'd sure like
to talk to him. He didn't touch my
lesson plan. What did he teach you?

LISA

That life is worth living.

MISS HOOVER

What?

LISA

(QUICKLY) You wouldn't understand.

Lisa SOBS and runs out.

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - DAY

It is shortly before noon. Mrs. Krabappel stands in front,
holding up a shoebox marked "votes".

MRS. KRABAPPEL

The polls will be open from now until
the end of recess. Now, (SOUR) just in
case any of you have decided to put any
thought into this, we'll have our final
statements. Martin?

Martin stands, a shattered man. He has circles around his
eyes.

MARTIN

(HOARSE WHISPER) I don't think there's
anything left to say.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart?

BART

Thank you, Mrs. Krabappel. Guys, I really don't know anything about being a leader. In fact, if you elect me, I'll probably be the worst class president in the history of this school.

KIDS

Hurray! Woooo! Bart! Bart! Bart! Bart!
They stand, STOMP their feet and shake their fists.

BART

Victory party under the slide!
The lunch bell RINGS. The kids exit CHEERING.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE UP - APARTMENT TENANT LISTING

Among the names, Lisa finds "Bergstrom, D., Apt. 201." She BUZZES it repeatedly, but no one answers. We PULL BACK to reveal a sign out front which reads, "The Happy Gypsy Apartments." You pay by the day!" We see a drawing of a Gypsy in a room with a crystal ball that has a smiling face on it. Lisa calls up to the window, but no one answers.

LISA

(CALLING) Mr. Bergstrom! Mr.
Bergstrom!

A LANDLADY sticks her head out the window.

LANDLADY

Moved out this morning. He must have a new job -- he took his Copernicus costume.

LISA

Do you know where I could find him?

LANDLADY

I think he's taking the next train to
Capital City.

LISA

The train, how like him... traditional,
yet environmentally sound.

LANDLADY

Yes, and it's been the backbone of our
country since Leland Stanford drove
that golden spike at Promontory point.

LISA

I see he touched you, too.

They both SIGH.

EXT. ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Some cupcakes and 128-ounce bottles of soda are spread out
on a bench. Bart shakes hands with kids and hands them
cupcakes.

BART

Hey, thanks for your vote.

NELSON

I didn't vote. Voting's for geeks.

BART

You got that right. (TO FREDDY) Thanks
for your vote.

FREDDY

I didn't bother.

BART

Good for you. (TO TERRI AND SHERRI)

Thanks for your vote, girls.

TERRI/SHERRI

We forgot.

BART

Well, don't sweat it. Just so long as a

couple of people did... right,

Milhouse?

Milhouse shakes his head.

BART (CONT'D)

Lewis?

Lewis shakes his head.

BART (CONT'D)

(LOUDER) Hey, come on guys, I know this election thing is a joke, but somebody must have voted.

MILHOUSE

What about you, Bart? Didn't you vote?

Bart shakes his head.

BART

Uh oh. Come on, guys! We've only got a minute before the bell rings.

Bart, Milhouse and Lewis start to run. They haven't taken two steps before the recess bell RINGS.

BART (CONT'D)

(ANGUISHED SCREAM)

INT. ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Martin and Wendell jump up and down, hugging each other.

MARTIN/WENDELL

Yayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

BART

(TO MRS. KRABAPPEL) I demand a recount.

Mrs. Krabappel dumps out the shoe box. We see there are two slips inside, both labeled "Martin."

MRS. KRABAPPEL

One for Martin, two for Martin. Would you like another recount?

BART

(SADLY) No.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(RELISHING IT) Well, I just want to make sure. One for Martin. Two for Martin.

She LAUGHS. The reporter kid takes out his camera.

KID REPORTER

(TO MARTIN) This way, Mister President!

He hands Martin a copy of the school paper. The headline reads "Simpson Defeats Prince". Martin holds it over his head a la Harry Truman. The image freezes and turns to a photo.

INT. TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

A train is about to depart.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now boarding on track eight, the
Afternoon Delight -- stopping at
Shelbyville, Middletown, and Capital
City.

Lisa sees Mr. Bergstrom and runs up to him.

LISA

Mr. Bergstrom!

BERGSTROM

Hey, Lisa.

LISA

Were you just going to leave like that?

BERGSTROM

I'm sorry, Lisa. It's the life of the
substitute teacher: he's the Flying
Dutchman of the faculty lounge. Today
he might be wearing gym shorts,
tomorrow he's speaking French, or
pretending to know how to run a band
saw.

LISA

You can't go! You're the best teacher.
I'll ever have.

BERGSTROM

That's not true. Other teachers will come along who... no, I can't lie to you, I am the best. But they need me over in the projects of Capital City. The school isn't as good as yours... there are more kids in every class...

LISA

But I need you too.

BERGSTROM

That's the problem with being middle class. Anybody who really cares will abandon you for those who need it more.

LISA

(SNIFFLING) I think I understand. Mr. Bergstrom, I'm going to miss you.

BERGSTROM

Well, I'll tell you what...

He writes on a piece of paper, folds it up and hands it to her.

BERGSTROM (CONT'D)

Whenever you feel like you're alone and there's nobody you can rely on, this is all you need to know.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

All aboard!

BERGSTROM

Take care, Lisa.

Mr. Bergstrom gets in the train and it starts to pull away. We hear melancholy MUSIC. Lisa waves. When Mr. Bergstrom's out of sight, she opens up the note and reads it. It says, "You're Lisa Simpson!". She smiles and SOBS at the same time. A PORTER pushes some luggage past Lisa and sees her crying.

PORTER

It's rough working at a train station.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family eats dinner. Bart and Lisa sit sullenly.

HOMER

(MULLING IT OVER, LOW, TO HIMSELF)

Terrible, terrible. Just terrible.

Bart, now how many votes did you get again?

BART

Zero.

HOMER

(BACK TO MULLING) Zero. Zero. Well, can't put a good face on this. This is the worst thing that ever happened to us. (TRYING TO CONVINCE HIMSELF)

Alright, spilled milk, spilled milk, spilled milk. (NOTICING LISA) What are you so mopey about?

LISA

Nothing.

MARGE

Lisa, tell your father.

LISA

Mr. Bergstrom left today.

HOMER

Who?

LISA

Mr. Bergstrom, my teacher.

HOMER

Oh, yeah. What about him?

LISA

He's gone. Forever.

HOMER

And?

LISA

I didn't think you'd understand.

HOMER

Hey, just because I don't care doesn't mean I don't understand. I met the guy, now he's gone. You don't hear me bellyaching.

Lisa gets up from her chair and stands seething in front of Homer.

LISA

(FIGHTING BACK TEARS) I'm glad I'm not crying because I would hate for you to think that what I'm about to say is based on emotion. You, sir, are a baboon!

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Me?

LISA

Yes, you! Baboon, baboon, baboon,
baboon!

HOMER

I don't think you realize what you're
saying.

LISA

Baboon!

Lisa turns and walks upstairs. There's a beat of silence.

BART

Well, somebody was bound to say it one
day. I just can't believe it was her.

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Did you hear that, Marge?
She called me a baboon! The stupidest,
ugliest, smelliest ape of them all!

MARGE

Homer, you are not allowed to have hurt
feelings right now. There's a little
girl upstairs who needs you. Her
confidence in her father is shaken, and
no little girl can be happy unless she
has faith in her Daddy.

HOMER

Is that just your opinion or is it in a
book at least?

MARGE

Homer, talk to her.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM

Homer stands in front of the door. He has big sweat stains
under his arms. The door has a sign reading "Go Away".

HOMER

Lisa, I am your father and I am not
asking permission. I'm coming in...
okay? Please?

Homer enters. Lisa is sitting in a tiny kids' chair next
to her dollhouse, CRYING. Homer sits next to her on
another kids' chair.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Lisa, don't hold anything back. You can
tell me. Are you crying because you
called me a baboon?

LISA

No!

HOMER

Oh.

Long silence.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Well then, let me put this in terms we both understand. (PICKING UP DOLLS)
Okay, here's your Daddy doll, and here's your Lisa doll. Now sometimes Daddies don't think, and they do stupid things. Watch.

Homer reaches for the doll house to make his point. There is a book holding up one corner of the house and as Homer slides it toward him, the house falls over. The contents CRASH onto the floor.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That wasn't what I was going to show you.

LISA

I don't care.

HOMER

You know, I've gotten used to being called names by my boss, or my son, or old friends I stop and say hello to on the street. But you always say nice things to me, even if you have to make them up.

LISA

(MOANS)

HOMER

I'm trying to understand what you're going through, but I guess I can't. I'm lucky because I never lost anyone special to me. Everyone special to me is under this roof.

LISA

Gimme a break, Dad.

HOMER

(PATS HER HEAD) You'll have lots of special people in your life, Lisa. There's probably some place where they all get together, and the food is real good, and guys like me are serving drinks. (BEAT) Well, maybe I can't explain all this, but I can fix your doll house for you. I'm good at monkey work. I hold the nails in place with my tail.

Lisa grins. Homer, sensing progress, scratches his armpits and makes BABOON NOISES. Lisa smiles.

LISA

I'm sorry I called you a baboon, Dad.

They hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - EXT. LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer exits Lisa's room smiling. He passes by Bart's room. Bart sullenly sits on the bed, throwing a tennis ball against the wall.

BART

(SHAKING HEAD) If just me, Milhouse
and Lewis had voted...

HOMER

Hey son, if you think about it, would
you have gotten any money for being
class president?

BART

No.

HOMER

Would you have to do extra work?

BART

Yeah.

HOMER

And is this Martin guy going to get to
do anything neat, like throw out the
first ball at the world series, drive
through red lights, or listen in on
other people's phone calls?

BART

Well, no.

HOMER

So, let the baby have his bottle.
That's my motto.

BART

(BRIGHTENING) Hey! Thanks, monkey-man.

They hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Homer leaves Bart's room.

HOMER

Holy-moly... talk about parenting!

He passes by Maggie's room and sees her fidgeting in her sleep.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

He picks up her pacifier, which is three inches away from her mouth and puts it back in. She SUCKS contentedly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Sleep well, Maggie. Ah, three for
three.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge is sitting on the couch with the cat on her lap. Homer comes down the stairs gingerly, trying not to break the spell.

HOMER

(HAPPILY) Don't say anything, Marge.

Let's just go to bed. I'm on the
biggest roll of my life.

FADE OUT:

THE END